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The Newport Mercury,

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-first year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of fifty-four columns filled with interesting reading—national, state, local and general news, well-selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments—reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

NEWPORT LAND TRUST.

The long-expected improvements to Easton's Point have been begun—Six handsome cottages to be ready for next season's occupancy—\$50,000 to be expended in grading and building.

The long-contemplated improvements to Easton's Point, the property of the Newport Land Trust, have been begun and are another season rolls round that delightful section promises to be made a distinctive feature of Newport's fashionable summer life.

The three trustees of the company, Messrs. J. C. Bancroft, Benjamin Kimball and Alex. S. Porter, came down from Boston on Wednesday, and, accompanied by the architect, Mr. W. R. Emerson, also of Boston, and the builder, Mr. E. Truman Peckham, of this city, visited the scene of the proposed improvements. As a result of this visit a gang of men was set at work Thursday, clearing up and grading the grounds preparatory to beginning the erection of the buildings.

The original plans for the work, as outlined in the Mercury last winter, have undergone certain changes. Instead of having four cottages, arranged in a row, there will be six or seven of these buildings, of different styles of architecture, tastefully located upon a lot containing about five acres, to be provided from a large centre or cook-house to be erected for the purpose. The hotel project has been abandoned for this season. The sites selected for these cottages are delightful ones, being on Purgatory road, near the junction of Tuckerman avenue, on the first high point of land reached from Easton's Beach. The view from here takes in the bathing-beach, Ochre Point and the ocean, and is unsurpassed anywhere.

The work of construction will be begun at once, as each cottage is to be completed, furnished and ready for occupancy at the opening of next season. The cost of these improvements will be about \$50,000.

The burning out of a chimney at the residence of Mrs. E. V. Gilman, on West Broadway, yesterday noon, caused an alarm to be sounded from box 23, but the services of the department were not required. Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1, in backing their truck into the building, after the fire, smashed a large light of glass in one of the doors and tore away considerable of the wood work.

The new four-masted schooner, Howard Smith, being built in South Boston for this port, is already half sealed up and there is every promise that she will be ready for launching some time before the date fixed in the contract, December 1. Mr. George F. Crandall, of this city, is the supervising architect.

Mr. and Mrs. William Astor will close their cottage on Bellevue avenue today or Monday and go to Bar Harbor, where they will spend about a week and then go to "Rhinebeck," their beautiful autumn villa on the Hudson. They will make the trip on their steam yacht Nourmahal.

An interesting meeting of the Town and Country Club was held Thursday at the residence of Mr. Lyman C. Josephs on Purgatory road. "The Laughing and Weeping Philosopher" was the subject of an interesting paper by Rev. Geo. E. Ellis, D. D., of Boston.

Mr. George P. Lawton informs us that this has been the busiest season since 1853. He has kept nine or ten men at his stables all night throughout the season and all his carriages have been out nearly every night during the past two weeks.

Captain John Waters succeeded Sunday in floating the tern schooner Earl P. Mason, of Providence, which went ashore on Point Judith during the heavy storm of last week, and she was towed into this harbor.

Dr. William H. Cotton is expected home early next week. His family, who are with him, will remain in the West several weeks longer.

Horse Railroad.

The committee on Streets and Highways have ordered a public hearing on the petition of the Newport Horse Railroad corporation for Wednesday evening next, at 8 o'clock, at the City Hall. The corporation met some weeks ago and organized under the new charter. They fixed the capital stock at \$50,000 and voted that each corporation, eleven in all, should have until September 8, to say how much stock he is willing to take, up to one-eleventh of the entire stock. After the 8th of September the books will be open to the public to subscribe for the remaining stock. It is intended that the stock shall be divided up in small sums if possible, so that no one person shall own or control the entire road. We understand that several of the corporations have signified their intention of taking their full share of the stock allotted to them, and it is believed that there will be no trouble in raising the entire \$50,000.

It is hoped that at the hearing Wednesday evening, all persons interested will put in an appearance, that this hearing may be final and that the committee on Highways may have sufficient information to act upon at an early date. It is desirable that an ordinance be passed without unnecessary delay, that if possible work may be commenced at once. The directors hope to have the Broadway line in running order before winter sets in.

The State Fair.

The annual fair of the State Society will be held upon the Society's grounds in Cranston, September 21, 23, 25, 27 and 29, and preparations are being made to have a great exhibition. The programme for the week gives new and special features each day. The second day will be the great bicycle races. The third day a marriage will take place in a balloon. Thursday, September 27, will be Governor's day and Friday, the 28th, will be children's day. There will be good trotting each day. Taken all together this fair will furnish a week's entertainment well worth attending.

Entertainments for Fall.

Mr. Herbert C. Tilley is arranging an interesting series of entertainments for this fall at the Opera House. There will be three evenings in the course of the programme will include concerts by the Knaples Street Male Quartette, assisted by Mrs. Humphrey Allen; the Temple Quartette of Boston, assisted by Miss Gertrude Edmunds, and the Lotus Glee Club, of Boston, assisted by Miss Alice Coggeshall, with readings by Mr. Harry Cozzens and Mr. Sidney Woollett. Mr. Tilley has already about one hundred and fifty subscribers to the course, and it will be well for all who intend to go to bear in mind that subscribers have first chance of the reserved seats.

The clambake given by Redwood Lodge K. of P. at Carr's groves in Jamestown, Thursday, was a complete success. There were nearly five hundred people present and all enjoyed the day's outing exceedingly. There was rifle shooting, base ball playing, dancing, and lots of eating. The bake and chowder were pronounced first-class and if anybody did not enjoy himself it was not the fault of the committee.

The Snow black stocking, made by the Shaw Stocking Co., of Lowell, Mass., is one of the best articles of the kind in the market. They are absolutely fast colors and are soft and glossy to the feet. There is probably no better stocking in the market. They are sold in this city by Martin E. Bennett and the Newport One Price Clothing Co. Try them.

Mr. J. B. Hayward of the Rhode Island Advertising Co., was in town Wednesday, putting up the bills and distributing flyers for the Rhode Island State Fair. Mr. Hayward canvasses every town in the State with his advertising wagon, and proposes to cover the State completely with handsome lithographs showing what the public will see at the State Fair in September.

Newport's annual city election will take place one week from next Wednesday, when, in addition to the selection of a Mayor, members of the Board of Aldermen and Common Council and four school committeemen, the tax-paying voters must decide as to whether or not the city-fathers shall have power to purchase a site for a new city hall at a cost of \$25,000.

The Berkeley School, which was to have been opened in South Portsmouth this fall, will be continued in Providence another year, owing to the impossibility of getting the building ready for use this fall. It is expected that before another September comes round the new building on the grounds of the church will be completed and ready for occupancy.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gilpin have had as guests this week, Mrs. M. G. Richards and family of Chicago.

Mr. A. C. B. Cox and Miss Cox, of Philadelphia, are visiting Prof. and Mrs. Fairman Rogers, on Ochre Point.

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?

A Gentleman in a Position to Know of Whathe Speaks says No, and then Explains.

A gentleman well acquainted with city affairs and deeply interested in the enforcement of all laws on the statute books, especially those pertaining to the liquor traffic, said to a Mercury man the other day, "I am satisfied that prohibition is a complete failure and a farce." In explanation of this startling announcement, he continued, "To my personal knowledge there are 135 places in this city where liquor is kept for sale and is sold, and there are undoubtedly many that I do not know of."

"Why don't you enter a complaint at police headquarters and have the places shut up?" was asked.

"These places are as well known to the police as they are to me, and a great many of them have been raided—some of them several times over—but what good does it do? And here is where the farce comes in. The little stock that is seized is quickly renewed, and the losses sustained by the party raided are not worthy a second thought when compared with the immense profits made, of so cheap a grade is the poison kept. Then, too, it is a pretty serious thing to raid a man's home (and the saloons of to-day are the kitchens, cellars and garrets of private residences, and the wives, mothers and daughters are the dealers) and the police cannot be blamed if they hesitate about taking such a step on mere suspicion."

"This is a serious state of affairs, if true."

"It is true, and when one stops to think of the men and women the children of these improvised grog-houses are to make, it is certainly a serious matter."

"Under the old law there were seventy-seven licensed saloons in Newport and everybody knew where they were, or could tell them at sight, while now there are at least 135 unlicensed places and every precaution is taken by their proprietors to hide their true character."

"No, having satisfied myself that it has increased instead of lessened the number of places where liquor can be bought and drunk, and degraded instead of elevated the morals of the community, I can no longer advocate prohibition."

We publish in this issue the last of the series of articles giving the history of the 1st Rhode Island Detached Militia, and particularly the history of the Newport Company (F) in the war. The article this week is very interesting and very valuable. The poem by the late Rev. G. T. Brooks, read on the return of the boys after their three months' service, is one of the finest short poems that gifted gentleman ever wrote. The roster of the company published in this article, shows that many of those who performed those three months of arduous service are still alive and among Newport's prominent citizens. The statistics in regard to the number of troops, the nativity of the men, and their occupations that were engaged in the first battle of Bull Run are valuable to keep for reference.

We shall publish in a few weeks a history of the Newburn expedition under Burrhead in which the Fourth and Fifth Rhode Island regiments performed a conspicuous part.

Interesting and well-contested polo continues to be a leading attraction on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons, at the Westchester grounds. Today's game is to be a prize match between the Westchester and First Meadow Brook Clubs, for a handsome cup, and one of the very best contests of the season may be expected. The two contesting teams will be made up as follows: Westchesters—Foxhall Keene, August Belmont, Jr., Elliot Zbrovski, H. C. Potter; Meadow Brooks—T. H. Hitchcock, Jr., W. K. Thorn, S. S. Sands, Jr., O. W. Bird.

Mrs. Mary Ann, widow of the late Anthony Stewart and mother of Mr. Anthony Stewart, Jr., and Mr. James C. Stewart, of this city, and Mr. W. W. Stewart, of Fall River, died at her farm in Middletown on Monday, at the advanced age of 70 years. Up to the time of her husband's death, since when her health has been gradually failing, Mrs. Stewart was an active, energetic woman, and has always held a place of high esteem with all who knew her.

The Prohibition party does not seem to have much show at the St. Joseph's Fair. At last accounts the voting on the flag for the political parties stood 5004 for the Democratic party, 4051 Republican and 31 for the Prohibition party. This is not giving the third party a fair show.

The members of Washington Commandery propose to make a pilgrimage to Brockton on the 25th and 26th of September. Already some forty or more have signified their intention of going. The members will take their ladies with them.

The Artillery Army on Clarke street was illuminated by the electric light for the first time at Tuesday evening's meeting.

SOCIETY GAYETTES.

Brilliant Entertainments Given During The Week—The Ellis Fete, The Casino Ball, the Van Allen Ball, Masque, Immense Banquets, Luncheons, etc.

With tonight closes what to society has been the busiest week of this gayest of Newport seasons. The regular Monday evening ball at the Casino was followed on Tuesday night by a grand ball at "Stoneacre," the elegant summer home of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Ellis, on Bellevue avenue. Wednesday night the Casino was the scene of its annual subscription ball and on Thursday night Mr. J. J. Van Allen entertained a hundred or more guests at "Wakehurst" with a bal-masque.

The ball given at "Stoneacre" was an elegant affair and one that will long be remembered by the nearly three hundred ladies and gentlemen present. The spacious grounds were brilliantly illuminated and the beauty of the interior of the cottage, which is one of the finest in Newport, had been heightened by Col. A. C. Landers, the popular decorator. The broad piazzas were enclosed and lighted by many-colored Japanese lanterns, and plants and flowers appeared wherever excellent taste would suggest. The cotillion, led by Mr. T. H. Howard, was followed by an elaborate supper provided by Pinard. The German favors were of unique design, and handsome, and will long be preserved by those receiving them as mementoes of one of the most brilliant and enjoyable events of the season of 1888.

The subscription ball, at the Casino, differed but little from its predecessors. Some four or five hundred guests were present and the liberality of the governors of the Casino and the indefatigable labors of the Superintendent and his assistants were everywhere visible and highly complimented. Col. Landers was the decorator and Sales & Berger, of the Casino restaurant, prepared the supper.

The masquerade, given at Wakehurst, Thursday night, by Mr. J. J. Van Allen, was a grand success in every particular, and the hundred or two guests were more than delighted with their entertainment. The music was furnished by Prof. Mullaly's Casino orchestra.

Among those who have given dinners this week are Mr. J. Griffith Masten, Miss Ogden, Mr. Lyman C. Josephs, Mr. Egerton L. Whitthrop, Hon. August Belmont, Mr. E. N. Teller, Mrs. J. Van D. Reed, Mrs. Eastman Johnson, Mrs. Henry Clews, Prof. and Mrs. Fairman Rogers, Mrs. C. F. Livermore, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Miss C. O. Jones, Mrs. A. P. Woodward, Mrs. Geo. B. De Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Carley, Mr. John Lawrence, Hon. Samuel Blodghoff, Mrs. M. Orme Wilson, Hon. Isaac Bell, Jr., Mrs. J. N. A. Griswold, Mrs. William Astor, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wain, Mrs. W. G. Schermerhorn, Mrs. J. I. Kane, Mr. E. J. Berwind, Mr. M. R. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel B. Feaving, Mr. Townsend Smith, Mrs. Francis O. French, Dr. Gorham Bacon, Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Mr. C. C. Baldwin, Lieut. and Mrs. W. McCarty Little, Mrs. H. K. Pratt. Luncheons have also been given by Prof. Charles W. Shields, Mr. Smith Clift, ex-Governor John Lee Carroll, Mr. E. D. Morgan, Mr. W. F. Ward, Mrs. Geo. B. De Forrest, Mrs. J. N. A. Griswold, Miss Leary, Mrs. John Cadwalader, and Miss Laura Conkling. Mr. Donald D. V. Graham and Mrs. Henry Clews have given musicales and Mrs. Charles Wheeler has entertained at picnic.

The Treasurer of the First Presbyterian Church (Grace Chapel) thankfully acknowledges the following generous gifts towards paying the debt on their building:

Mrs. Rachel L. Kennedy	\$100
Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt	100
A friend	100
Rev. R. Gordon McKay	100
	\$400

A ditch at the corner of Washington and Marsh streets, on which several of the Water Works Company's men were at work, caved in Tuesday afternoon quite severely injuring Michael Crowley, John Dillon, and Michael Harry. Dillon was detained at the hospital for treatment, while the other two, whose injuries were less severe, were taken to their respective homes.

Capt. Blake, the popular superintendent of the polo club, is expected to return from Lodg Island to-day. During his absence his duties at the Westchester grounds have been satisfactorily performed by Mr. James O. Esleack.

The lawn festival given on the grounds of the First Baptist church last week netted the Young People's Society \$103, notwithstanding the unpleasant weather which proved a serious drawback at the opening.

Mr. John C. Macy and family, who have been visiting Mr. Macy's mother, Mr. S. W. Macy, on Spring street, during the past month, returned to their home in Des Moines, Iowa, Tuesday morning.

Mr. Walter Satterlee, the artist, is visiting his brother, Dr. F. LeRoy Satterlee on Clay street.

Rev. M. Grinkie of Jacksonville, Florida, will preach at the Shiloh Baptist church to-morrow at 10.45 A. M.

Improvement Notes.

Duncan McLean is building for his own occupancy, on Cranston avenue, a two-and-a-half-story cottage, 30x45 feet, with bay window on the east, piazza on the front, and all modern improvements.

Isaac M. Gleason is building on Bliss road, a two-story cottage, 30x32 feet, with bay window, piazza, and all modern improvements.

The Crowningshield lot on Bath road and Red Cross avenue is being provided with a system of drainage.

Mrs. Wilcox is having built on Brewer street a two-and-a-half-story cottage, 20x37 feet, with two bay windows and basement, and all the modern improvements; to cost \$2500. James Dowling is in charge of the carpenter work and C. H. Borden of the mason work.

Thirteen new houses have been erected on Lincoln street and its immediate vicinity within a year.

Wm. F. Wilbor has built for Thomas Bain, on Thurston avenue, a one-and-a-half story cottage 25x30 feet, with piazza and bay window, at a cost of \$2200, with all modern improvements.

Wm. F. Wilbor has built for Job Slocum, on Lincoln street a two-and-a-half story cottage, 28x40 feet, piazza on front, all modern improvements, cost about \$3500.

Wm. F. Wilbor has made additions and improvements to Schuyler Hamilton's estate on Harrison avenue, at an expense of \$3000.

Wm. F. Wilbor has built for Andrew Johnson, on Dresser street, a two-story, hip-roof cottage, 20x35 feet, with all modern improvements; cost \$3000.

Wm. F. Wilbor has made repairs and improvements to the estate of Mrs. Gardner Brewer, at a cost of \$1000.

Charles H. Taber is building for himself, on Lincoln street, a two-and-a-half story cottage, 28x45 feet, piazza on the front, with basement; cost \$3500.

David P. Albro is building for the Misses Mary A. and Charlotte B. Popple, on Everett street, a two-and-a-half story, two-tenement cottage 25x50 feet with wing 8x22 feet, laundry in basement, with piazzas on the west, and bay-window on front and all the modern improvements. Cost \$5,500.

Robert W. Curry has built for Henry M. Young, on Tilley avenue, one-and-a-half-story cottage, 22x30 feet, with piazza and bay window. Cost \$1000.

Robert W. Curry has built for Michael Kirby, on Sheffield avenue, one-and-a-half-story cottage 22x30 feet, with piazza. Cost \$1300.

Robert W. Curry has built for Frank Merrill on Everett street a two story cottage, 35x32 feet, with piazza and bay window on front and all the modern improvements. Cost \$5000.

The lower floor of the school building on Cranston street has been fitted up for the new kindergarten.

Channing Church Fair.

On Wednesday and Thursday of the past week, the ladies of the Channing Memorial church have been holding a fair for purposes connected with their paragonage and to meet other expenditures. The fair was well supported by the public, and a sum approximating sixteen hundred dollars was the result of the two days sales. Some of the specimens of embroidery were remarkably fine; and a new feature in the shape of packages of "literary salad" proved quite a success. August seems to have been pre-eminently the month of church fairs, no less than four having been held in Newport, during the month now closed.

Lawn Tennis.

The second annual all-comers tournament of the Aquidneck Tennis Club will open on the Newport Casino courts next Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The list of entries already secured is a sufficient guarantee that the entertainment will be one of great interest.

The annual tournament of the National Lawn Tennis Association, which was in session at the Casino throughout last week, resulted in a transfer of the amateur championship. Mr. R. D. Sears, who had long held the honor, was unable to play this year and Mr. H. W. Slocum, Jr., proved the best man.

Real Estate Sales.

A. Prescott and Ellen T. Baker have sold to Patrick J. Fagan, for \$1 and other considerations, five undivided twelfth parts of a lot of land bounded as follows:—Northerly, 29 feet on Hammond street; easterly, 100 feet, on land of the grantee; southerly, 20 feet, on land of John M. Hodgson, and westerly, 100 feet, on land of the grantors and others.

James O'Leary has sold a lot of land on Bradford road, containing 5000 square feet, to Bridget Corcoran, for \$1 etc.

Mr. Fred W. Greene, clothing dealer and proprietor of the Reliable Clothing Co., of this city, has made an assignment for the equal benefit of all his creditors.

Newport in 1776.

Continued.

Newport Mercury of May 29, 1776—half sheet.

Last Friday, being the day appointed by the Hon. Continental Congress, as a day of fasting and prayer, the Rhode Island brigade stationed here, marched to the second Congressional meeting-house in this town, where the Rev. Mr. William Bliss preached a sermon, very pertinent to the occasion, from the 11 chapters XXII Chap. II and part of the 12th verse—*Behold I say how they regard us, to come to aid us out of thy possession, which thou hast given us to inherit. O our God, wilt thou not judge them?*

The soldiers believed with the greatest decency, and appeared to give a serious attention to the discourse. The Christian soldiers with successfully fought the battle of the Lord; animated with that heroism which liberty and Christianity inspire, he will come off victorious, although a thousand times ten thousand Britons, Hessians, and Hanoverians, should rise up against him.

Last Wednesday was launched, at Providence, the Continental ship America, of 32 guns, said, by good judges, to be a very fine vessel.

By two gentlemen, who arrived in Providence yesterday from Boston, we are informed that three privateers, last week, took a large transport ship in Boston Bay, having on board 70 casks of powder, 100 stand of arms, &c.

Last Thursday came to town from Boston, and this morning set out for New York, accompanied by his Lady, John Morgan, M. D. E. It is the Director General of the Hospitals, and Physician in Chief of the American Army.

Newport Mercury of May 27, 1776—half sheet.

Williamsburg, Virginia, April 27, 1776.

Thirty-eight sail of men-of-war and transports destined for North Carolina, from England, are said to be arrived at Cape Fear, and that they took on the passage a large French ship with arms and ammunition.

There have, within these two or three weeks, been taken and brought into Norfolk, by the tender, *See, the following vessels*—The ship Congress, with 110 barrels of gunpowder, and a large quantity of cloth, linen, ozonaburgs, &c., a schooner, with a very large cargo of medicines, particularly jesuits bark. A large new ship from Baltimore, bound to Liverpool, with 1900 barrels of flour and bread, and 5000 bushels of wheat; (this last taken by old Goodrich, who commanded a privateer, fitted out by himself, and has likewise fitted out two others, one commanded by his son William, the other by a certain William Pickett). A brig, outward bound, loaded with provisions, and a New England schooner, supposed to be bound for Maryland. There were taken and brought in, some little time before, three vessels with gunpowder, about 5,000 stand of arms, &c., also a New England schooner, bound for Baltimore, with cheese, cider, potatoes, chestnuts, &c.

Watertown, May 20, 1776.—Since our last quantity of powder has been received at the powder-house in this town from France.

Friday last Capt. Muckford belonging to Marblehead, took and carried into Boston a ship from Ireland. Her cargo consists of seventy-five tons of powder, 1,000 stand of arms, a number of travelling-carriages for heavy cannon, a quantity of entrenching tools, some dry goods and some provisions. She is estimated to be worth between 40 and 50,000 pounds sterling.

The fortifications at Fort Hill in Boston, at Governors Island, Dorchester point, and at the castle, we hear, are near complete.

"It is reported that the noted Dr. Samuel Gelston is returned to Nantucket from Halifax, he with four others under pretence of going a fishing, have brought off a vessel of about 60 tons; and that he says there cannot be lacking enough procured for the troops and Tories, so that the latter only go on shore in the day time for an airing, and are obliged to lodge on board the vessels; and also that a great sickness prevailed, both among the troops and refugees, many of whom have died."

Capt. George Oaks, late of Marblehead, was inhumanly murdered in North Carolina on or about the 5th ult. The murderer is apprehended.

Hartford, May 20, 1776. A gang of Tories have been discovered in the neighborhood of Fairfield, taken up and imprisoned. These and others undoubtedly corresponded with the enemies of America, and a line of intelligence from hence to Quebec has been kept up, whereby every movement of ours has been made known to our enemies; and by these miscreants our prisoners are assisted to escape. If these infernal enemies are suffered to proceed in their hellish schemes, our ruin is certain, but if they are destroyed the power of hell and Britain will never prevail against us. Hence then my countrymen! search out these vultures and bring them to the punishment they merit.

New York, May 20, 1776. Last Friday week information was given to our Congress, that some men on Long Island were counterfeiting Continental money, also Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York currency; a party of minute-men were ordered out the same day, in search of them; they were all taken with what cash they had struck off, likewise their press, tools, etc. They were brought to town last Tuesday, and committed to jail.

Thursday last 24 Indians, the Chiefs of several Indian nations, arrived here from Albany. We hear they are to set out from Philadelphia in a few days, in order to wait on the Honorable the Continental Congress.

JAMES C. SWAN.

(To be continued.)

A mile swimming match, for the championship of New England, took place in our harbor, Tuesday afternoon, between Florence Mahoney, of this city, and P. Driscoll, of Cambridge. The latter was overcome by cramps just before the finish, and Mahoney was declared the winner.

The fox-hunting season for 1888 has closed, last Monday's meet being the last. It has been a most popular sport and very generally enjoyed by our summer people, and we have heard no complaints from any source.

CITY BRIEFS.

Journalists of Newport and Newporters.

The Prohibitionists in Convention yesterday in Providence nominated Edward G. Macomber of Portsmouth, for member of Congress from this district and Anson Greene of Exeter for the second district.

Mr. A. K. Sherman and family have been in New York this week.

Mr. J. Griffith-Masten is in town, having just returned from Europe.

Mr. Charles Bickerton and family have returned to their Newport home.

Mr. G. Norman Weaver has been at his Rhode Island avenue cottage this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Flagg have been entertaining Massachusetts friends this week.

Hon. J. C. Knight closed his Bellevue avenue cottage last night and returned to Providence.

Mr. David H. Weedon and family, of Providence have been visiting Newport friends this week.

This is credited with having been the most elegant season in Newport's history as a summer resort.

Dr. W. C. Stoddard has gone to the White Mountains where he is enjoying a much needed vacation.

Superintendent E. B. Harrington of the Union League Club, New York, has been in town this week.

The Easton farm in Portsmouth, belonging to the late Ellen Townsend, is to be sold at auction to-day.

Sheriff and Mrs. Benj. Easton, Jr., have had as guests this week Dr. and Miss Hough, of Rahway, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Shyvesant Lelloy have returned from Lenox, Mass., and are at their cottage on Mann avenue.

Mr. Andrew B. Almon has returned from a visit to Nova Scotia and is at his cottage on Red Cross avenue.

The second service at the First Presbyterian church will be held at 7.45 instead of 4 o'clock p. m. as heretofore.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Bird, of Brockton, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Richardson on Summer street this week.

The Old Colony freight steamer City of Fall River is undergoing a thorough overhauling at the Company's docks in this city.

Mr. Edwin Booth, who is spending the season at Narragansett Pier, was in town Tuesday, with his daughter, Mrs. Grossman.

Miss Margaret M. Hammett, of Greenport, L. I., has been in town this week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rider, on Pelham street.

Admiral Porter who has been ill at his new residence in Jamestown is somewhat improved and will probably be out again soon.

The Grove meetings in Middletown have been well attended this week, and the exercises have been of a very interesting character.

Mr. A. W. Luttler and family, who have been spending the summer at Jamestown, have returned to their cottage on Broadway.

Mr. Philip R. Weaver, one of the officers of our State Institutions at Cranston, has been visiting his parents in this city this week.

Chaplain Frank B. Rose, U. S. N., has been transferred from the Naval Academy to the schoolship New Hampshire, September 10, vice Chaplain Hudson.

The excursion to Oakland Beach Wednesday, of Clan McGregor, of the Order of Scottish Chiefs, was well patronized and greatly enjoyed.

Rev. Frank Rector and family who have been at the Luther cottage on Broadway during the season, returned to their home in Fitchburg Wednesday.

Charles E. Lawton Post propose to give another clambake in Jamestown at an early date. A meeting of the Post is called for to-night to consider the matter.

Mr. Foxhall Keene won in four races at the Rockaway Steeplechases at Cedarhurst, L. I., Monday, and Mr. J. L. Kernohan won in two. Mr. Keene won all his races.

The Sunday school of Touro chapel gave an interesting entertainment at the chapel Thursday evening. Its leading feature was an operetta entitled "Grandpa's Birthday."

Mr. Charles P. Scott, formerly of this city but at present organist of a large church in Boston, has provided the Ocean House Orchestra with a set of waltzes of his own composition.

Naval training ships Saratoga, Portsmouth and Jamestown have been ordered out of commission for needed repairs, during which the U. S. Constellation will act as a training ship.

(For additional locals see 4th page.)

Poetry.

My Walk to Church.

Breathing the summer-scented air,
Along the bowery mountain way,
Each lordly day morning I repair
To serve my church, a mile away.

Below, the glorious river lies—
A bright, broad, beautiful expanse—
And round the mountain's base
A fair as the hills of Galilee.

Young flowers are in my path. I hear
A rustle of unnumbered leaves.
The heart of beauty is in the air,
Its pulses pulsate in my ears.

The shadow on the meadow's breast
Is not more calm than my repose.
As, step by step, I pass the guest
Of every living thing that grows.

Alas! something meets me on the way,
And something else I find on ground,
And all the time I am aware
Beyond the sense of sight and sound.

It is not that I strive to see
What lies in lovely shadows that wrought—
Its glorious message to me
Comes, like the gentle dew, unsought.

I never walk with open heart
While I am in the path of the sage;
But, oh, how large and rich my part
In all that makes the best of life!

Sometimes I hear the happy birds
That sing to Christ, beyond the sea,
And softly, in their own world,
I hear the voices of the angels.

Sometimes in quietude I glow
The hills that lie so far,
Which never tell me again, yet glow
The loving Father's care.

And then along the fragrant hills
A radiant presence seems to move,
And each angel's heart is lit
The very air is hushed with love.

And now I see one perfect face,
And, listening to my church's door,
Find Him within the holy place,
Who, all day long, is with me here.

—[The Mercury.]

An August Day.

BY JOSEPH WHITTON.

Night's reign is over, and my pale-faced
Guest,
Heckling his glittering suit, grows faint,
And
His eyes to the coming sun,
Even as I look, he lifts the new-fledged morn
High on his shoulders up into the blue.
Then over the hilltops peeps, himself, and
Aslant the valley, wind, and field, he things
His rays, that all-attendant drink up the dew.
A dainty draught—a royal draught out-
rigger.

Then the Egyptian queen prepared to please
Her Antony—gains by the lilt, here
That a single word.

The morn—'tis but a hazy prelude
To the day that dawns, with weary tread,
The tedious, tedious, tedious, tedious
Hugs the heated earth, then quivering un-
der.

Seize it, cooler regions, silence nestled—
Save by the dews of forest or murmuring
ice—
Oppressive hangs; birds drop their blithe-
some flight.
The cattle quit their brows for sheltered
brook.

There in the shadows shake their fevered
throats.
Or ramble with stony eyes, and show
Humidity is rising, and nature's
Wield and drowsy with her own device,
Faint for her evening shadows.

—[Table Talk.]

Selected Tale.

THE MINISTER'S COAT.

"I shall be glad when conference is over," exclaimed Hetty Darrell, with a look of despair. "If there isn't father bringing home another minister to-night, I told him this morning that I thought we had outstayed our share. And George comes this evening too," she added, with still more vexation, as she came down stairs in answer to her father's call.

"This is Mr. Compton, Hetty," said her father, "and he will spend the night with us. My daughter and my housekeeper looked at the trim figure and bright face of the young housekeeper, and rejoiced that the fates had led him into her domain. Hetty, however, hardly spoke to him, and followed her father out of the room.

"O father," she said, "why did you do it again? It keeps me working every minute."

"Sho, Puss!" said easy Darrell, "don't fuss for him. Give him anything you've got in the house—crackers and cheese, if you like."

"You know I can't," pouted Hetty, "ministers always expect the very best, and they know what is good, too."

"He don't, I guess," said Mr. Darrell, "he has been working his way while he studied, and keeping himself, and I guess almost anything will seem all right to him."

"Oh! is he one of that kind?" said Hetty. "I wish, if I must have them, you would bring home somebody who would do me some good, and give me a good dinner and plenty of money for a change."

"This one is smart, anyway," said her father, "there is a big church awaiting him somewhere. I heard that one of the Middletown churches wants him up there."

"Well I suppose he can't starve," said Hetty, and with a toss of her head, expressing many things, she began to get the supper. It was certainly very unfortunate that the children have come on one of George's evenings.

But as Hetty set the kettle to boil, she began to feel a little compunction for her inhospitality, and as she remembered that the young minister, just from his studies, had been "keeping himself," she began to feel enough pity for him to stir her into concocting a dish of cream toast, such as only she knew how to make. This necessitated her going down cellar after cream, and taking her skimmer, she descended into the lower room.

It chanced that the door of the cellar was furnished with a spring latch, and Hetty, forgetting to fasten it back before she went down, found herself, when she would return, a prisoner.

"Father!" she screamed, but Mr. Darrell was making his toilet in an upper room, and could not hear her.

Poor Hetty called until hoarse, and then paused in despair. At the same time she caught sight of a pair of black broadcloth legs passing by the cellar window. With a frantic cry, Hetty sprang toward the straw of hope, and putting her blooming face to the bars, shrieked again:

"Father! father!"

The retreating limbs hesitated, stopped, and finally returned.

"Is any one in trouble?" said a strange voice, far above Hetty's vision.

"Yes," said Hetty, "I am in the cellar and want to get out."

The knees bent, and a face confronted Hetty from the other side of the window bars. It was as she had guessed—the young minister.

"How can I get you out?" said the voice outside.

"You will have to go in the passage and put back the spring," said the lips within. They were exceedingly red and dainty lips, as they spoke from behind the bars. Hetty had her face pressed close to the iron, and the young man may be pardoned for prolonging the interview for a few moments.

"What spring?" said he.

"The spring of the door," said the pretty lips impatiently.

"Ah! What door?"

"Good gracious! The cellar door?"

"Yes? Where is it?"

"Morey me! in the kitchen!" cried the lips.

The young man rose slowly and took a few steps toward the apartment mentioned, but some way he paused again. These lips behind the bars reminded him vividly of kissing a child between the banisters, and the moment he opened the door he would never see them again in that position.

If he had been a secular office, I might have had to record a most unworthy act. As it was, he went into the kitchen, found the cellar door and opened it. Hetty came out flushed and breathless, and began to hurry her supper. The young man lingered.

"Had you been a prisoner many minutes?" he inquired.

"No," said Hetty, "and, gracious, I didn't bring up the cream after all I never shall get supper ready!"

"Let me bring up the cream for you," said the minister, quickly. "I used to help my mother, and I am the one that is in a constant hurry."

He had just had a conversation with the forgotten toast, and was inquiring, "Can I toast that bread?"

Hetty hardly knew how it was, but in a few moments Mr. Compton seemed to be as much at home in the kitchen and dining room as herself, and the two cooks were on the best of terms.

Hetty decided that Mr. Compton had very fine eyes, and Mr. Compton had discovered some time before that Miss Darrell had a beautiful nose, however.

"One would think you had been a cook all your life," said Hetty, when the toast was at last piled in the dish, and she began to pour over it the rich cream.

"I have been for some years," was the quiet reply.

A vivid crimson covered Hetty's face and neck. How had she happened to forget and say such a thing? A flash of fire shot in the minister's eyes.

"I never made cream toast, however," he said, "because, coffee and an occasional chop, was about the extent of my culinary labors. I have learned a new dish, if I am ever reduced to donning the apron."

Hetty did not laugh. Her eyes were full of the softest pity. He noted them with surprise.

"Why, don't be sorry," he said. "It was fine exercise, I assure you."

"But I am sorry," said Hetty. "It wasn't right. Didn't it hinder you in your studies?"

"A little later into the week, sun, hours, perhaps," he said lightly, and he stopped the conversation and carried the cream toast in for her.

Hetty glanced at the clock as she took her place behind the tea-pot. George ought to have appeared by this time. He had forgotten all about him. In order to atone, she nearly petrified her guest by the haughty manner in which she stared at him and asked whether he took sugar and milk. Young Compton was not prepared to engage her in conversation. He wondered how he could have displeased her.

"Ten was over and the dishes washed, but still George did not come. Hetty hung the dish-towel on the nail and came into the front hall. She stood listening, but the gate did not click—there was no step on the porch. When a young man tells you that he has something particular—Very particular—to say to you, appoints a certain time in which to say it, and then is tardy, one may well be vexed. Hetty was growing more and more impatient.

At this moment the door of the parlor opened, and the young minister came out. He started, on seeing Hetty alone, and, after looking around, approached her.

"Miss Darrell," he said, "have I offended you?"

"What do you mean?" asked Hetty. "I thought from your manner at supper."

"Oh! you must not judge from my manner," gently inquired Hetty, "perhaps I have a little tongue."

She tilted her pretty head saucily and with a dimpling smile. She felt no more compunction on George's account—she deserved punishing.

"I am sorry you burnt your tongue," said the young gentleman, calmly.

"Thank you," said Hetty, "because it has given me an uncomfortable hour." Finished Mr. Compton. "I hope you won't burn it again."

"Uncomfortable! O nonsense!" cried Hetty.

"Why did it not cause you to treat your father in the same inconsiderate manner?" inquired Mr. Compton. "Are you very, very sure you burnt it?"

"I am very, very sure I am not in the least bit offended with you," said Hetty, holding out her hand. George deserved all she could give him in the way of punishment. It was nearly eight.

"Thank you," said Walter Compton, pressing it. "Is the eight o'clock?"

"No, it is not," said Hetty, "it is eight o'clock, but I never kept an engagement with such reluctance."

"You have forgotten your overcoat," said Hetty, as he took his hat.

The minister flushed to the roots of his hair. "It is quite warm," he said, "I don't need it."

"Yes, you do, it's real damp," said Hetty, dally.

He shook his head with an odd laugh. "I don't really care for it," he said, "I have a good one, but I will wear it."

"Will you be glad to see me if I come back soon?" he murmured, taking her hand again.

"I don't know," whispered Hetty, drawing away her hand in some confusion, for the hall door was partly open, and the recreant George was now ascending the steps.

A look not pleasant to see passed between the two young men, as one went out and one came in.

"Oh! here you are at last!" observed Miss Darrell, who was angry, but she was equal to him. "I had given you up," said Hetty.

"And so entertained yourself in another way," said Mr. George Swift, in an unpleasant manner. "Who was he who went out?"

"A friend of father's who is staying here."

George jerked off his coat, but, behold his accustomed nail was occupied.

"Is that his overcoat?" said George. "Father's friend must, I judge, be something on the tramp order." He held up the garment between thumb and finger.

"He is a minister!" said Hetty, indignantly.

"Then he ought to be ashamed to disgrace his calling by such a coat," replied George. "He must have bought it second hand of a Jew. I should feel like burning it for fear of infection. Look at the condition of the braid and buttons!"

Hetty's heart gave a throb. She knew the reason now why Mr. Compton would not wear his coat to the parsonage. She took it from George's hand.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded.

"I am going to put on new braid and buttons, and hang it up again," said Hetty, walking into the sitting-room. George hung up his own handsome overcoat and followed her. Mr. Darrell met a conversation of the spring rains, to which George listened with the utmost impatience, while watching Hetty procure her work-basket, and with provoking eagerness set to work on the obnoxious garment. He could neither demonstrate nor prevent while

Mr. Darrell continued in the present strain.

At last the old gentleman paused, and, as if suddenly remembering himself, rose abruptly and took his newspaper into the kitchen. Then George began:

"You seem determined to insult me this evening, Hetty."

"Insult!" And Hetty's eyes flashed. "Yes, insult! First thing I see to-night is a fellow holding your hand. Do you think I am going to stand that? And then instead of giving me your attention you prefer to patch this man's old ragged coat."

"Let it alone," said Hetty, as George laid hold of the garment in question. "Why were you so late on your own? But don't let us quarrel, George. Sit down."

"Will you stop working on that coat?"

"No," said Hetty. "I will not. If I can do anything to help a man who has worked his own way in the noblest of all professions, I will do it. Don't be so foolish, George. You ought to want me to help him. Father says he is a very worthy young man, and he has had a dreadfully hard time. Just think, he cooked his own meals."

"Disgrace!" said George. "All the more reason I won't have you waiting on such a beggar."

"George," said Hetty, "you know I came here to-night to ask you to be my wife. If you are going to marry me you will put down that coat."

"And if I don't I can't marry you?" questioned Hetty, smiling.

"Put it down, Hetty!" Dear Hetty, please do as I ask?"

Hetty, without glancing at him, began to sew on another button. George, being utterly unable to repress his angry feelings, arose and took an abrupt and ungracious departure.

When the minister returned it was still early, and he was disappointed to find that Hetty had retired. He did not notice his coat at the time, nor was he much consoled by talking of the spring rains with Mr. Darrell, in his turn, for half an hour. Overhead Hetty lay sobbing and laughing in her little white bed.

She was glad George had gone, as she felt sure that she had never loved him, but had let things take their own way. If he had not shown himself in so ugly a light, she might now have been engaged to him. Hetty shuddered.

"I do not know whether I would have taken him any way to-night," she said to herself. "Yesterday would have been different."

She did not, however, analyze this thought, and shortly fell asleep.

Mr. Compton rose at the following morning. When Hetty came down to prepare breakfast, the young minister was standing in the hall, his overcoat in his hand. He started and looked at her with a world of eloquence in his fine eyes.

"Do you want me to thank you?" he asked.

Hetty laughed, shaking her head, but her eyes were unconsciously filled. How shabbily the old coat still was!

"I have for you a coat from the First Church in Middletown," said the young man softly, "and with the first installment of my salary I shall buy a new overcoat, but I shall never part with this one, though."

"Don't, please. It is such a little thing," said Hetty, and forthwith she carried a rosy, dewy face into the kitchen.

Mr. Compton had intended to take an early walk, but he changed his mind. He stood waiting where he was until he heard the door creak open, and then he went down the cellar, where he fastened the spring catch. After this maneuver he went outside and stood near the cellar window. Old Mr. Darrell had gone to the barn, so there was no chance of rescue from him. The young man let Hetty rattle the door and call her father several times before he spoke.

"Where are you, Miss Darrell?" he asked, "is anything waiting?"

It was still out of sight, and Hetty recognized his voice as coming from the outside walk, and flew to the window as before.

"Where did you say?" said Compton from a distance.

Hetty pressed close to the window-bars, and cried as loudly as possible: "In the cellar!"

Compton laughed aloud, and coming to the window, he stooped down as he had done on the previous night. This time, however, he came very close, close enough to kiss the red lips between the bars.

"Don't be angry, Miss Hetty," he pleaded, as she drew back astonished. "I couldn't help it, you are so good and kind. Hetty will you go with me to Middletown?"

"So you can always get your coats mended?" asked Hetty, saucily, but with a shy color stealing into her face.

"No, because you will have such a useful, domestic husband, who can do the kitchen work. Say yes, Hetty. I shall let you out until you do."

"I suppose I shall have to then," said Hetty, "any place would be preferable to this cellar, even Middletown. But I shall have that spring catch taken off the cellar door."

"If I were you," replied her lover. The two faces came very near to the bars again for a moment, and then he went round and opened the door.

A Good Anecdote.

Little Parson B., who presided over a little flock in one of the back towns in the state of M., was without any expectations, the most recent divine service. His eccentricities were carried as far in the pulpit as out of it. An instance we will relate:

Among the church members was one who invariably made a practice of leaving the parson was two thirds through his sermon. This was practiced so long that after a while it became a matter of course, and no one save the divine seemed to take notice of it; and he at length notified his flock that such a thing must be needed. He said that at home his family needed his services at home, and he must do it; nevertheless, on leaving the church he always took a roundabout course, which by some mysterious means always brought him in close proximity to the tavern, which he would enter—and thereby hangs a tale.

Parson B. learned from some source that P.'s object in leaving church was to obtain a "drum," and he determined to stop him from leaving and disturbing the congregation in future, if it was possible.

The next Sabbath brother P. left his seat at the usual time and started for the door, when Parson B. exclaimed, "Brother P."

P., on being addressed, stopped short and gazed toward the pulpit.

"Brother P.," continued the parson, "there is no need of leaving the church at this time; as I passed the tavern this morning, I made arrangements with the landlord to keep your today hot until church was out."

The surprise and mortification of the brother can hardly be imagined.

I can cheerfully recommend Ely's Cream Balm to the suffering patient for hay fever and stoppage of the nasal passages. Three trials of it will give immediate relief.—J. R. Rector, Little Rock, Ark.

A Girl's Dilemma.

The French heel of the pretty girl's boot had caught in a little round hole, which, like hundreds of other little round holes in the sidewalk, had been filled with glass to give light to the basement of the store in front of which she had been walking. The glass had come out of one of the little circles, and the boot heel fitted the hole so tightly that it went in, but it would not come out.

The young girl would have broken her ankle probably had it not been for the presence of mind of the woman passer-by who caught her. The young woman struggled heroically to free her heel, and her pretty face took on a deeper crimson blush as men, women, and children gathered around.

In a few minutes she was the centre of six hundred curious people. The impatient beauty was so modest and sensitive, and she almost fainted as a hundred people volunteered their advice at the same time on the best way to release herself. An old, military-looking man, who is a well-known personage on Chestnut street, ordered Dobson's colored porter to go down the cellar and make "that fellow let go the lady's heel" and Mickey Mooney, the boot-black of Eighth and Sanson streets, shouted:—"Say, Jimmy, get me an axe."

Another man wanted somebody to go down the cellar and shove the plate out of place, and dozens of other foolish suggestions were made, and the young lady was smiling smiles of agony, when a good-looking young fellow, fashionably dressed, pushed his way through the crowd.

He took in the situation, and after a courteous salute to the embarrassed woman, gallantly dropped on the knees of this new spring trousers on the dusty sidewalk. The young lady blushed deeper than ever as he gently raised her skirt, unbuttoned her boot and gave her freedom. Then he yanked the heel of the boot out of the hole and replaced the shoe on the shapely foot, and after receiving the grateful thanks of the young woman, modestly slipped out of the crowd, while the young woman took refuge in the store.—[Philadelphia Times.]

Disposition of Old Letters.

It is trouble, not good, that arises from old letters. A package has fallen into my care to be disposed of as thought best. It contains letters, bills, receipts, and papers of value and others worthless. In order to sort the chaff from the wheat, they must be carefully examined. Ah, what a thought of secrets they disclose—family troubles of which the world never dreamed; bitter heartaches where you thought all was serene; love letters, sacred for their time and place, ridiculous now; a whispered suspicion of slander upon a name we thought was pure as snow, and we are left to wonder whether it is true or false. Old letters. What can they be good for? Their mission is ended.

"I may like to read them while recovering from an illness," says some one.

"Pshaw! as if these would be the tonic you needed at such time! Better for a breath of pure air. We are all prone to brood too much at such times, and need no such help in that direction. Just this plea for the burning of letters to a strong one. Burn the letters, burn the bills and labels. Have a blank book into which to copy such dates or extracts as may be of value in the future for references. This can be done when letters are answered. Then burn them and see the ashes. It is the sorrows instead of the joys that most letters contain. They are safety valves for deep feeling from friend to friend, good in their time, but sometimes worse than useless in the future. Every day brings letters to my pen. We are constantly changing, and in many cases would be ashamed of our own letters written ten years ago.

Garfield said: "When you pitch your tent let it be among the living, not among the dead."—[Sarah M. Bailey in The Housekeeper.]

The Parent of Culture.

"Science is most catholic in her regards," declares Mr. Theodore Gill, "and none are denied entrance to her temple who submit to her laws. Conditions are imposed it is true; but all those who give obedience to the few conditions are admissible. One of the conditions is that common sense intensified shall be applied to all questions. If it is history, let us learn to doubt, and to weigh the statement handed down from posterity; if the Greek or Latin scholar, he is refused, not because of his Greek and Latin as taught in the schools, but because only so knowing he knows too little and too imperfectly; when he has gained increased knowledge and breadth of view so that he knows his language as a harmonious part of a great whole, he too, is eligible. Science takes cognizance of all nature and all the science of the world. How, then, can there be any antagonism between science and culture when true culture is only an esteemed and devoted offspring of science."

Literary Note.

Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.'s most popular story, the one that clinched his reputation and largely helped to make the success of the New York Ledger, "The Gun Maker of Moscow," will be published in Cassell & Company's Sunshine Library within a few days. Although there is hardly a man or boy in this country who has not heard of this story, it has never appeared in book form. Succeeding generations read it in the Ledger where it has been published over and over again, but never before in book form. There is something in this story that is so timely and so true, that there is a new audience of many thousands already awaiting it the publishers feel assured, from the number of advance orders they received the moment it was known that they had decided to publish the book.

Too Much for One.

"Are you admiring the new moon, Miss Clara?" he said as he came softly up from the gate.

"Yes, Mr. Sampson, I have been gazing at it so long that my neck fairly aches."

"You shouldn't try to look at it alone," he said, tenderly, and then he sat down and divided the labor.

A teacher in one of the public schools says that it is sometimes extremely difficult to obtain from young children the names of their parents. In one instance a little boy was asked what his father's name was, and he said he did not know. "Well," said the teacher, "what does your mother call him?" The boy promptly replied: "She sometimes calls him an old crank."

For a thousand years at least, Chinese has been the most used language on the globe. Prof. Kirehoff, of Halle, finds that it is now spoken by over 400,000,000 people; Hindustani, which comes next in extent of use, by over 100,000,000; English by about 100,000,000; Russian by over 70,000,000; German by over 57,000,000; and Spanish by over 47,000,000.

The New First Reader.

Lesson I.—"Do you see this machine?"

"Yes, I see it; it is a strange thing. What is it for—a brickyard?"

"Oh, no; it is called a stuffer."

"To stuff sausages?"

"No; to stuff school children. Come and examine it. You put a child from two to fourteen years of age into this end, and into the other you place thirteen examples in fractions, three pages of history, two of grammar, three of orthography, an hour of writing and a yard of algebra, and then all is ready to loosen this spring, and the child is duly stuffed."

"It must be very nice."

"It is. The schooling of the average pupil can be shortened up several years by this process, much to the honor and credit of the teacher."

"But don't pupils die under this stuffing?"

"Lots of them, but it is laid to a too active brain."

"Are there many staffers used?"

"There is an average of one to every school in town, and some have two. You may now run up and down four pairs of stairs to expand your lungs."

Lesson II.—"What has Charles found?"

"It is a jumble box."

"Does he know what it is?"

"He does not. He is too young and unsophisticated for that. He thinks it is a Waterbury watch which some millionaire has had the misfortune to lose."

"And he will try to wind the watch up?"

"He will. Let us move on. It promises to be a harrowing scene, and we had best be as far away as possible."

Lesson III.—"Do you know me?"

"Yes, I see him. He is swinging in a hammock under the trees. He must be rich to take his ease while other men work. How many millions is he worth?"

"He will never have the tenth part of a million cents."

"But he is not at work."

"Oh, yes, he is. He is a sidewalk inspector for the city, and is now putting in time by inspecting sidewalks while lying in a hammock."

"If so, he was selected on account of his great brain power to do such things?"

"Will I ever know enough to become a sidewalk inspector?"

"It is barely possible, and much depends on your making yourself solid with certain city officials. By commencing at your tender age to develop into a ward stickler you may in time get there, though the field is always crowded."—[Detroit Free Press.]

Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man was listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last, approaching a basket filled with wholesome-looking fish, he sighed: "If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other. "Only to tend this line till I come back. I wish to go on a short errand." The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in, and when the owner of the line returned he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, on presenting them to the young man the old fisherman said: "I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

Sberidan's Famous Horse.

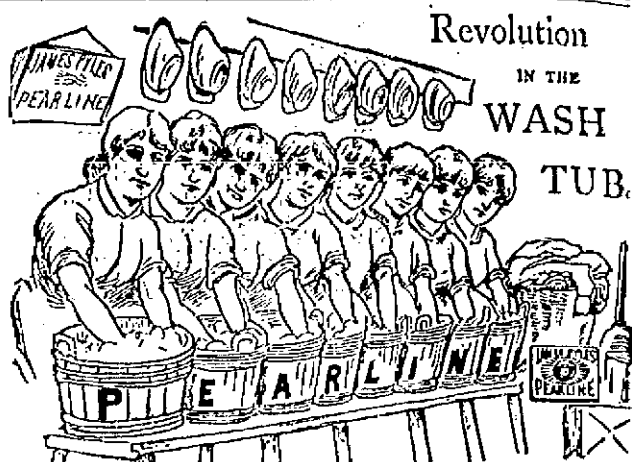
Gen. Sheridan's famous charger, Rienzi, on which he rode to Winchester, is preserved stuffed in the Military Museum on Governor's Island. The horse was presented to Gen. Sheridan by the officers of his regiment on the occasion of the general receiving his colonelcy of the Second Michigan Cavalry. The horse followed him through the war and died in 1875. Rienzi was of Black Hawk stock, with dark shiny coat, white feet and long flowing mane and tail.

General Skobelev was the most eminent warrior of the nineteenth century, with, perhaps, the exception of Napoleon I., Wellington, and Nelson. His biography has been written by an enthusiastic admirer, Madsen Novikoff, one of his own country women, under the title of "Skobelev and the Slavonic Cause." This work contains some things which are not without interest and instruction. For example, one incident quoted by the author as a proof of good military discipline, illustrates, on the contrary, the cruelty and injustice of what is termed martial "law." Skobelev, during a campaign, had been carefully examining the mechanism of a soldier's rifle. He then walked a few paces to another soldier, who was on sentry duty, and said to the latter, "And let me see your rifle." The man saluted, but replied, "I cannot, your Excellency." "But I want to see if it is clean," said Skobelev. "I cannot, your Excellency," again replied the sentry. The General smiled, and passed on. A visitor to the camp, observing the incident, asked Skobelev what would have happened to the sentry if he had obeyed the seemingly serious order. He replied: "I deliver my rifle." "He would have been shot," answered Skobelev, "for disobedience to a previous order."



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health. At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize and cleanse the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



In the homes where PYLE'S PEARLINE is used the wash tub is no longer the fountain of drudgery, back-aches, pains, sickness, bad temper and upset households. The rubbing and straining process of freeing the dirt wrecks the woman and the clothes, and at the end of the wash day, life seems hardly worth living. Not so where PEARLINE does the work—that's just it, PEARLINE does the work for you—does it better and quicker, and without rubbing; hence, without the wear and tear to yourself or your clothes. Warranted harmless. Millions use it. Sold everywhere. Beware of imitations. JAMES PYLE, New York.

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The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Proprietor.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, '88.

There is now no doubt but that Gov. Ames will be re-nominated and re-elected Governor of Massachusetts.

The first year of high license in Minnesota has proved all that its friends claimed for it.

The Canadians are very indignant to think that our fishermen should desire to take fish in Canadian waters.

The blood-and-thunder retaliation message of President Cleveland seems to be about as harmless a piece of political luncheon as it is possible to conceive of. Give us another.

Ex-Secretary Wells thinks that it will be a game of bluff with Canada, but no harm will be the result. The President's message was simply a blank cartridge.

Yellow fever in Jacksonville is increasing rapidly. Twenty-one new cases were reported Wednesday. The report from there says 'the disease is certainly epidemic here and there is no glossing over the fact.' It will probably rage until cold weather sets in.

A petition has been drawn up and is now being extensively signed asking Mayor Powell not to decline to serve the people again as mayor if elected. This petition is in good hands and the best citizens of Newport will gladly sign it when presented. It is to be hoped that the array of names on this paper will be so great that when presented to His Honor, he will see his duty clear to serve the city another year.

The Fargo, Dakota, Argus, which ought to be well posted, says: "Hon. Knute Nelson, whom the Democrats have tried to claim in Minnesota, has just written a friend: 'Our first duty is to elect Harrison and Morton and attend to tariff reform afterwards.' This puts Mr. Nelson in accord with thousands of his admirers—all good Republicans. Minnesota will give the republican presidential ticket 25,000 majority in November."

The New York Herald is pushing Mayor Hewitt of New York for the Democratic candidate for governor of that State, and at the same time that paper is trotting out a new man for mayor. Now as the Herald, and everybody else, knows that Hewitt can't be nominated for governor, it looks very much like a move to ostracize him from the office of mayor. The friends of good government in New York City will not thank the Herald for this movement, and the quicker that paper drops it the better it will be for its party in New York.

The Autumn Outlook.

There is bright promise of an exceptionally prosperous autumn. From the Treasury reports to-day received we glean the following facts. Our imports of merchandise for the seven months ending July 31 exceeded our exports twenty-seven millions of dollars. Our exports of coin for the same period exceeded our imports of the same twenty-two millions, of which eighteen millions were gold and four millions silver. This shows that we were in debt to Europe for the difference between these two sums say fifty-five millions. How much this was reduced in the same months by European purchase of our securities we have no means of estimating. We may say fifteen millions. If this be correct we still owe on the exchanges thus far forty millions. Now looking at last year's figures we find that our exports for September and October exceeded our imports by more than forty millions yet last year was hardly an average year. This year the difference in our favor will be vastly larger. It is not stretching the point to say that the exports for September and October will exceed the imports from seventy-five to one hundred millions. We expect to see large sums of coin returning to us before the end of October, in default of which the bonds taken from us in the spring must come home. Probably both of these happy contingencies will occur. We shall not attempt to look further ahead. If the crops abroad fall as far short as now seem likely the experience of 1878-79 may be repeated in 1888-89, and coin receipts from Europe run far beyond one hundred millions.

The sub-treasury surplus bug-bear was driven away last year by the addition to our circulating medium of ninety-four millions by coinage at the U. S. Mint. That of the coming year will disappear before the influx of the precious metals from Europe. We are a rich people and can afford to keep a big balance in Uncle Sam's safe bank, though our timid Secretary of the Treasury does not seem to see it.

How About This?

If free trade England be the paradise of labor and high wages, as our Democratic professors inform us, why is it the pampered operatives are coming to this country in such numbers? A quarter of a century ago an English laborer was a rare bird in this country. In 1879 the number of immigrants into New York city—not many to the other ports, from England was 21,555 while Ireland sent over the same year only 22,624. Last year England sent over 52,970 and Ireland was behind with 46,881. This year so far as the Washington bureau of statistics informs us England has sent us 56,516 and Ireland 46,863. England is now sending us one-sixth of the entire immigration to this country and yet we are told that wages are higher in England under free trade than in the United States under a protective tariff. How is this? We pause for a reply.

The Fisheries Treaty.

The Chamber of Commerce of New York is the oldest, the most influential, and on general trade subjects the best informed body of merchants in the United States. Their judgment on the treaty indiscreetly forced upon the country by the sensational administration at Washington and happily rejected by the Senate is the more direct interest because they have no direct interest in the fisheries. The subject was made the study of a special committee who last year reported, that in their opinion the proposed treaty did not secure reciprocal rights to fishing vessels and in so many words, "that no treaty which falls to recognize this principle should be ratified." The report was debated in the chamber, and this view was "unanimously endorsed."

Other commercial institutions held the same view and the Senate was memorialized to reject the unequal arrangement. It is idle for our Democratic friends to set up the *ipse dixit* of Mr. Cleveland who, whatever he may know about brook trout, is not up in sea fishing, against the common accord of those who have made commerce the study and practice of their lives.

As for his threat to stop the passage of freight over Canada West it seems to us that it would be biting off the nose to spite the face. What will our Western farmers say to cutting off this line of transport of their surplus wheat to the seaboard now that Europe is hungry for our grain? And how will the State of New York, which carries the grain, taking this route over its railroads and canals, like the transfer of this traffic to the lower system of roads? No! Mr. Cleveland, this cock may crow but it will not fight.

Life of Gen. Harrison.

The first campaign life to make its appearance is that of the Republican nominee for the Presidency, Gen. Benj. Harrison by Gen. Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur." The preface to this work was written by the author at Newport August 6th, and the entire work was written and printed in about one month time. But notwithstanding the short time devoted to its preparation it is an exceedingly readable and interesting work. It is the life of a great man by a great author and is strictly authentic and the only authorized biography. The author and his subject have been lifelong friends; both have had thrilling experiences on the field of battle, have served in the Council Chambers of the Nation. How fortunate that the man whose illustrious ancestry shall be put in the shade by his own elevation to the Presidency of a far greater exalted position the people desire to become familiar with, should have such a biographer. One who has passed through like experience in the war for the Union and in the national councils and who can intelligently unfold and discuss the views Gen. Harrison holds upon national issues. One also who wields a pen of such wonderful descriptive power as to have reached unchallenged fame in authorship.

The work is issued by the Messrs. Hubbard Bros., of Philadelphia, Chicago, and Kansas City, is intensely interesting, elegantly illustrated, and we understand is having a remarkable sale. It is sold through agents and undoubtedly affords exceedingly profitable employment for a great many active young men as every true American should certainly read this book before November 4th.

The City Election.

It is now understood that Mayor Powell is determined to retire at the end of his present term, and that nothing can induce him to take another election. This is to be greatly regretted, as we believe that the best interests of the city will be served by his re-election. With Mayor Powell out of the field there are numerous persons mentioned for the position; some probably with their consent but more probably without it. The list thus far talked about includes, Ex-Lieut. Gov. Fay, Alderman Newton and Greene, Mr. Thomas Coggeshall, Mr. Anthony S. Sherman, Councilman Howard E. Read, Ex-Mayors Franklin and Bloom, Col. Howard Smith and ex-Senator William J. Underwood, with three or four more thrown in to make the number up to a full dozen. At the present outlook it is impossible to name the coming man with any degree of certainty. Concerning the aldermen and councilmen very little is said as yet. We understood, that with the exception of Alderman Hamilton, the present board are willing to serve the city another year, in the same capacity. That is, of course, providing the people do not call any of them to go up higher. Mr. Hamilton declares his intention to retire to private life. Perhaps, however, his constituents may not be willing to accept his retirement and they may insist on his serving for another term. The election is now near at hand, being one week from Wednesday and the voter should realize the importance of seeing to it that only good men are chosen to fill the various positions.

At the New York Republican Convention held at Saratoga on Tuesday, Hon. Warner Miller was nominated for Governor unanimously and with great enthusiasm. Col. S. V. Cruger, of New York, was nominated for Lieutenant Governor. The Empire State has put an excellent ticket in the field. The platform endorses the protective principles of the national platform, and declares in favor of high license. The party in New York are thoroughly united, and express a strong belief that they are to win in the coming contest. With Gov. Hill on the other side the Republicans ought to win this time if ever.

The Cleveland retaliation bill is to be reported to the house to-day.

Thurman in New York.

New York, Aug. 30.—Arrangements are being rapidly consummated for the reception on September 6 of Judge Thurman. It is anticipated that the attendance will be so large that four or five overflow meetings will be necessary. Each of these meetings will be under the control of representative members of the local democracy. All addresses will be made by speakers of national reputation. At the indoor meeting the speakers will be Judge Thurman, Gov. Gray of Indiana, Gov. Green of New Jersey, ex-Lieut. Gov. Black of Pennsylvania, Gov. Hill of New York, Senators Voorhees and Blackburn and Representative P. A. Collins. Four outdoor meetings will be held in Madison square. One stand will be for Tammany Hall, one for the county democracy, one for the united German democracy and one for the Harlem Democratic Club. Young Men's League of democratic clubs and other clubs and associations.

Murder in Providence.

A brutal murder was perpetrated in Providence, Friday, Aug. 21st, Mr. Waterman Irons, a venerable and respected citizen being the victim. He has kept a leather store on High street, and on Friday afternoon two young men came in and asked for something in his line. As he turned to get it, he was seized by the two men, carried into his office, and his purse stolen with several hundred dollars in cash. As Mr. Irons resisted to the best of his ability, he was pounded and kicked. When his assailants left, he was only able to call for help. This coming, he was taken to his home, where he died early the next morning. The police immediately began their search for the criminals, and on Saturday afternoon they arrested two men, one of whom they feel quite confident is guilty. The man, one of whom is known as "Spiker" Murphy, had an unsavory reputation.

A man was found locked in a freight car at Providence, one day last week, who claimed that he had spent seven days in the car while en route from Chicago. The car was loaded with assorted freight, which the passenger thought would be quickly unloaded, and he would thus gain his liberty without undue delay. On the contrary, the car had been frequently sidetracked, and as a consequence the passenger was nearly starved.

The platform of the Democratic party in Minnesota urges the adoption of the Mills bill "as the first step towards free trade." And yet the Providence Journal, with all the ardor of new converts generally, declares that there is no free trade in the Mills' bill. In fact, that paper would make out the Texas statesman to be a better protectionist than Randall or Kelley of Pennsylvania.

Bennett and May.

The Associated press sends out the following interesting gossip about parties well known in Newport:

News has come from the European frontier May. He is the fashionable mad-about-town who was introduced to the whole country seven years ago by means of a duel, or a pretense of one, with James Gordon Bennett. In June last, while drunk, he amused himself by insulting the women who passed him as he stood in the street, and when a policeman compelled him to stop he drew a pistol and tried to shoot the officer. So May was committed in default of bail of \$3000, but after he had spent another day in a cell the bail was given and he was released. Of course he fled. The man who rescued him from his peril was none other than his old enemy of the duel, James Gordon Bennett. The cable conveyed an account of May's flight to Bennett on the night of its occurrence and it reached the Herald's office in Paris. He immediately ordered an agent to indemnify bondsmen in any necessary amount. When May was told that Bennett had volunteered to accept him free, he at first refused to accept the service. But he had no money of his own, as he lives on a much reduced income from an inherited and guarded fund. His counsel gave him no hope of escape from the penitentiary if he stayed for trial, so he swallowed his pride, accepted his enemy's help and quickly disappeared.

The officer that May tried to shoot was Daniel McGowan, a Newport boy.

Under the title "Old Men to the Fore," the Golden Rule combats the current notion that none but young men are of any use in the world at present. It asks: "Where are the young men who can work as many hours a day, or produce such results by their work, as the inventor Ericsson, now in his eighty-seventh year? Where is the young man who can hopelessly stare defeat out of countenance, like the aged DeLesseps, in his gigantic Panama scheme? Where is the young man who can compete, either as an orator or a statesman, with England's ex-premier?"

The re-election of Hon. Rogers Q. Mills to Congress will be opposed by Colonel E. A. Jones, an eminent attorney of the Waco, Texas, bar, and hitherto a prominent Democrat. Colonel Jones will have the solid support of the Prohibitionist, Republican, Union Labor and labor parties of his district, and his candidacy is formidable.

Texas Siftings quotes "a cynical man" as saying that there are two occasions when he would like to be present. One is when the gas company pays its water bill; the other is when the water company pays its gas bill.

Col. A. A. Barker, of this city, attended the New Hampshire Veterans' celebration at Wier's, N. H., this week, as a member of Governor Taft's personal staff.

Most of Massachusetts' congressmen are declining a re-election. Congressman Allen is the last one to decline.

Miss Jennie Dunbar, of Hingham, Mass., is the guest of Miss Sadie E. Denman.

There have been only four deaths in Newport this week.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

Cleveland's Sinner's Court—More War Talk—The President's Attempt to Bolster a Weak Campaign—Give Ideas on the Antislavery Writs—Foully Attempt to Cut Down Mrs. Sheridan's Pension—Dead Lock over Deficiency Bill—Bill to Prevent Shipment of Adulterated Food, etc.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27, 1888.

Americanism certainly has the call just now. In the discussion of the fisheries treaty, the Republicans had the best of it with the public, but Mr. Cleveland has tried to turn the tables upon them by his message on the rejected treaty, and our general relations with Canada. Whether Mr. Cleveland is in earnest or not in his professed desire for further authority to retaliate upon Canada for her treatment of American fishing and other interests, it is not my province to decide, but that the message was a shrewd political move when he considered his political affairs were in a desperate condition cannot be doubted by any intelligent person. The Republicans were reaping too much advantage from their anti-English opinions or alleged opinions; something was necessary from a Democratic standpoint to stop the Irish desertions from their ranks. That something, Mr. Cleveland has attempted to supply. That it involved a complete change of basis on the part of the administration matters not. The Republicans may truthfully charge that the most of the authority which Mr. Cleveland now asks was granted him eighteen months ago, and that he has never made the slightest use of it. The message doubtless created more consternation among the Canadians than it did among the Republicans here, for it shows them that both of the great political parties in this country are governed by the American idea, and that further imposition upon American interests will not be tolerated. The effect of the message upon the Democrats in Congress has been electric. Many of them were apathetic toward Cleveland, now they all regard him as another Andrew Jackson, and that its effect upon the rank and file of the party throughout the country and at large will be beneficial, cannot be doubted. What is to be its real result on the relations between this country and England cannot well be told at this time. That Mr. Cleveland will be given all the authority he asks for when the possession of that authority will decide whether we are to have war or not. Many of the deepest thinkers in this country have long been of the opinion that it was only a question of time when Canada would be annexed to the United States, and that England will ever allow that annexation to take place peacefully, for one, do not believe.

The decision arrived at by the pension committees in both House and Senate, to reduce the amount of the pension which it is proposed to give Mrs. Sheridan from \$5,000 to \$4,500, seems hardly fair when the eminent services of General Sheridan, and the fact that the widows of other men whose services were certainly of no more value, receive pensions of \$5,000 a year, are taken into consideration.

The fact that the House is now in a deadlock over the Deficiency appropriation bill, and that the Democratic leaders of the House are anxious to pass the bill giving Mr. Cleveland the authority asked for in his message, has caused the House to pass a resolution annulling all leaves except those granted for sickness. It is expected that a quorum will be present by the middle of this week.

A joint resolution has been introduced in the House, that should become a law, but unfortunately it is feared that it will not. It authorizes the President to veto specific items in appropriation bills. It has long been a custom with a certain class of Congressmen to put items of a dubious character in important appropriation bills. The habit should be stopped, and the passage of this resolution would do it.

The report of the bill to prohibit the transportation of adulterated food from one State to another, contains food for thought. It says: "Recent investigation in the Department of Agriculture of cheese deceptions, frauds in milk, adulterations in beer and spirits, in spices and condiments, and other things in daily use as food and beverages, emphasize the necessity for prevention or repression of these disreputable practices, stimulated by the greed of gain. Liquids, perhaps even more generally than solids, are subject to this sophistication. Aged brandies are made from diluted, only colored and flavored alcohol; cheap wines are mixed and manipulated to imitate expensive wines and to cheapen the production or simulate some desired quality. Teas are mixed, colored with poisonous minerals, and spent leaves are dried and placed a second time upon the market. The animal industry which asks for protection proposed to this bill, reaches all the levels of life, from the millionaire to the day laborer; it embraces more than all other industries in the country combined—the property of the poor."

He is Heard from Again.

"Doc." Wilson, who will be remembered as somewhat prominent in Rhode Island legal quarters for a number of years past, has now turned up at Denver, Col. Wilson first appeared in Denver about four months ago, and showed the acquaintance of capitalists. He had been in Wichita, Pueblo, and Trinidad, and brought with him assurances of financial aid in his enterprise if he could secure the assistance of Denver capitalists. His scheme was the creation of an immense woolen mill in Denver. He argued that the raw wool could be obtained in Denver much cheaper than in the East; that it could be manufactured at a lower rate than possible in Eastern States, and that the entire West could be supplied with woollens at a rate which Eastern manufacturers could not touch. Denver capitalists saw millions in the enterprise, and subscribed \$12,000 to start operations. Wilson collected the money and fled. He has not been heard of since, and the great woolen mill of the West has evaporated.

The Senate tariff bill is to be reported within ten days. It is learned in the bill that lumber and salt remain unchanged; that sugar is cut about one half, and that there is a strong disposition to slightly increase the duties on wool and to correct the inequalities of the duties on woolen manufactures.

Two ladies, residing in the annex of the Kewer House, at Narragansett Pier, were aroused, one night last week, by the attempts of a burglar to remove the rings from their fingers while they slept. They roused the people in the house by their cries, and the thief was thus scared away.

Ex-Gov. Porter of Indiana, who takes the stump on Saturday, will, it is said, speak every other day until the polls open.

Forger in Limbo.

William F. Clark, known also by the name of Colt, who has been preying upon the business community for months, was arrested in New York a few days ago and locked up in police headquarters. His plan was to call with forged letters of introduction from business friends of his intended victim, pretending to be in the trade, and wishing to make extensive purchases. Having secured their confidence, he wound up by paying for his goods with a check drawn on the Fifth Avenue Bank, and bearing its certification always in an amount large enough to leave a considerable margin, which he received in cash. When arrested Clark had in his possession a forged certifying stamp of the Fifth Avenue Bank. Among his victims are a number of New York's most prominent business firms. He succeeded in obtaining sums aggregating over \$5000. He recently paraded at Newport as Lieut. Colt of the Twenty-second Regiment.

Preaching at the First Baptist church at 10.15 A. M. by Rev. R. O. Sherwood, of North Abington, Mass. Young peoples prayer meeting at 7 P. M., subject, "Waiting upon God." Missionary concert at 7.30 P. M., subject "Japan and Korea."

The second and last open air meeting will be held on Sunday, Sept. 2d, in Tourne Park at 5 P. M., (if pleasant.) Joel Bassett the evangelist will speak and others will assist in the services. Gospel hymns will be used.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

SEPTEMBER STANDARD TIME, 1888.

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

New Moon, 2nd day, 11h. 50m., evening.
First Quarter, 12th day, 10h. 30m., evening.
Full Moon, 20th day, 5h. 24m., morning.
Last Quarter, 28th day, 3h. 30m., morning.

A. O'D. Taylor,
REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
124 BELLEVUE AVE.

FOR SALE, the "BRIDGE" Farm, Middle-town, 3 miles from the State House, well-watered and suitable for a prime stock farm, will be sold at a bargain.

TO LET: Excellent lower tenement in Ann street at \$16, and very superior upper tenement with the full recommendations of an entire house, at Broadway end of Spring street, \$25 monthly. Furnished cottage at \$250 yearly. A selection of Stores and Stables.

Deaths.

In this city, 23d ult., Timothy W. Sullivan, age 62 years.

In this city, 21st ult., Edward Sales, in the 51st year of his life.

In this city, 21st ult., Sarah Ann, wife of Richard J. Dent.

In Middletown, 27th ult., Mary Ann, widow of the late Andrew Stearns, aged 79 years.

In Stockton, Cal., August 21st, Abby, widow of Moses Hammond and daughter of the late Benjamin Marbois, of this city, in the 84th year of her age.

In Providence, 27th ult., Bowen Watson, 85; 26th, Margaret, widow of the late James Hamilton, 28th, Sarah, daughter of the late Charles and Ann Sampson, 87; 25th, Waterman Irons, 83; 24th, Sophronia, S., widow of William C. Capen, 83; 24th, Mrs. Willard, 21th, Mrs. Henry, 80; at the Rhode Island Hospital, 23d, Thomas Brennan, 75; 25, Joseph H. Metcalf, 51.

In Taunton, 27th ult., Eliza Lapham, 83; 26th, Mrs. Isabella France, 83.

In Cranston, 23th ult., Bononi Sprague, in his 86th year.

In Woonsocket, 28th ult., Theobald, widow of Jonathan Andrews, in her 70th year.

At Diamond Hill, 28th ult., Susan, wife of William Pollett, in her 75th year.

In Edgewood, R. I., 27th ult., Amy, widow of Deacon Manson Allen, in her 92d year.

In Wickford, 27th ult., Margaret Berry, in her 81st year.

In East Greenwich, 25th ult., Mrs. Abner G. Weeden, in her 86th year.

In South Scituate, 28th ult., Mrs. Lillian, wife of Major Ira Wilbur, in her 95th year.

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LITTLE
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PILLS.

CURE
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Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured one of these troubles, they would be worth taking. And they cure them all. They are strictly reliable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action, please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents, five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO.,
New York City.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

There will be sold at public auction on the premises in PORTSMOUTH, on

SATURDAY, September 1st, A. D. 1888, at 12 o'clock, noon, the

Easton Farm,

which belonged to the late ELLEN TOWNSEND, said to contain about one hundred acres, bounded by lands of the devisees of Jacob Mott, the Sea, the Main Road, Corey's Lane, and the devisees of the late A. D. Hodgess, with buildings and improvements thereon. Three-fourths of the estate price may remain on mortgage on the selling price by order of

JOHN S. COGGESHALL, Executor.
N. B.—The premises are under lease, to expire March 25, 1889, to which lease the sale will be subject. **JOHN S. COGGESHALL,** Executor.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

THE GOVERNMENT TESTS ESTABLISH ITS ABSOLUTE SUPERIORITY.

Prof. H. A. Mott was employed by the U. S. Government to analyze the various baking powders of the market, to determine which was the best and most economical for government use. After a careful and thorough examination, he affirms it as his judgment that the Royal is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder made. Prof. Mott, in his report, says:

"The Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure, for I have so found it in many tests made both for that company and the U. S. Government.

"I will go still further and state that, because of the facilities that company have for obtaining perfectly pure cream of tartar, and for other reasons dependent upon the proper proportions of the same, and the method of its preparation, the Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.

DR. HENRY A. MOTT, Ph. D."

Late U. S. Government Chemist.

SEPTEMBER'S

Queen Anne Millinery Establishment,

143 Thames Street.

SPECIAL SALE

For one week only. An immense variety of Straw Hats in all shapes and colors at 24c. These goods are reduced from one-quarter their cost. All our trimmed hats reduced to half cost. Special bargains in every department at

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GRAIN,

*Salt, *etc.*

A. A. BARKER'S,

162 & 164 BROADWAY.

PREPARATION FOR THE

Massachusetts

Institute of Technology.

Of the twelve candidates just sent to the Institute by Chaucey-Hall School, Boston, six entered entirely "conditioned" in mathematics, and no candidate was "conditioned" in French.

One of the Institute graduates this year had taken the remarkable number of thirty-four honors during his course. His entire preparation for the Institute was made at Chaucey-Hall School.

An account of the business and classical departments, and of the arrangements for girls, young children, and special students, may be found in the Sixtieth Annual Catalogue, which will be sent on application.



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Miscellaneous.



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We are now having manufactured the latest and cheapest line of ladies', misses' and children's fall and winter cloaks that has ever been shown in Providence. We offer the balance of our spring and summer cloaks at these ridiculously low prices, to make room for these.

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\$6.00 Fine black whiteboard, former prices to \$12.
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\$3.75 Fine black jersey jacket, former prices to \$7.
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\$7.50 All in one lot, the balance of our best shoulder cape, former prices \$10 to \$15. A few the silk, jet and velvet wraps at half price to close.

Ladies' Jersey Waist
A fine assortment of ladies' black and white jerseys from \$1 to \$3 less than early prices.
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Farm and Family

Poultry Notes

DISEASE AND LICE.—One of the causes of loss in chickens is that they are supposed to be destroyed by disease, when all that is required is to rid them of lice. The great scourge of the poultry yard is not the little red mite, that crawls on the walls, but the unseen enemy that never leaves the body of the fowl or chick, known as the tick louse, or hedge hen louse. It works on the head close to the skin, and is not easily discovered, many persons declaring that not a louse can be found on their fowls. Whether they are seen or not we advise all to rub a few drops of warm lard on the heads and necks of the chickens whenever they appear droopy, as it will do no harm and may save them.

CHICKENS AT NIGHT.—It is not uncommon to find several large sized chickens dead in the morning, if the night is cool, and a general search is then made for a rat, or some other depredator, when the loss is caused by the chickens piling on each other, the lower ones being crushed with the weight of those upon them. Especially is this the case if there is a box, nest, or any other place where they will congregate. Have nothing in your coop for chickens but the floor, unless it be a few low roosts for the larger ones, as they naturally crowd at night. The same is true of adults. Give them ample room on the roosts, especially in summer, when the nights are warm, and they will keep in better health and prove more profitable.

FLYING OVER THE FENCE.—Many of the best breeds, such as the Leghorns, fly over a high fence, and this is an obstacle when poultry are to be confined. The wings may be cut without detriment to usefulness, but such a process destroys the appearance. A better plan is to stretch a piece of wire, even with the top of the fence, but six inches away from it, on the inside. A hen always alights, and aims for the top of the fence. In this case she will strike the wire, before she reaches the top, and soon becomes disgusted.

FATTENING CHICKENS.—It is easy enough to fatten a hen, and, in fact, they become fat when they are preferred in a moderate condition, but it is different with the chick that is being prepared for market. The reason is that the food of the chick is directed to the growth. It will not answer the purpose to confine them in coops. When a chick is fat, which is not always apparent to some, it shows a yellow streak of fat on both sides of the spine when dressed. To fatten them allow the run of a small yard, and feed them every two hours, giving a variety of food, but allowing plenty of cracked corn at night. One week should be time enough to get them into good marketable condition.

SCALDING LEGS.—The legs of the old fowls will gradually enlarge from scald, and although it does them no injury it is unsightly, and the scab should be removed. To do this grease the legs well with warm lard, or a mixture of one part kerosene to three parts lard. It should be applied once a week for a month, when the scab will disappear. It is the work of a minute parasite, and the grease destroys them.

INDIGESTION IN FOWLS.—When a fowl becomes very fat the result is indigestion, which leads soon to suppose cholera has attacked the flock, as below disease follows all attacks of indigestion. The best treatment is to withhold all food for 24 hours, and then give a tablespoonful of a mixture of ground ginger and powdered rhubarb, in some kind of soft food, to a dozen hens. Feed sparingly for a few days until they recover.

SCRATCHING AND HITCHING.—When a hen is noticed busily scratching the chances are that she is not only in excellent health but a good layer. It should be the aim at all seasons to keep the hens busy at work scratching, and they will prove profitable and always be exempt from disease.

Agricultural Notes and Hints.

Animals that are fit for beef should be sold now.

Keep the very best breed of poultry and kill the rest.

Lettuce and radishes may still be sown with good results.

Brain and muscle united are needed for successful farming.

Rye is relished by poultry, and may be fed with other grains.

Oats will average thirty-five bushels an acre in Kansas this year.

True economists will remember that the best is always the cheapest.

The Florida orange crop this year is estimated at four million boxes.

Calves and pigs relish skim milk and it helps them gain bone and muscle.

The total product of the wheat crop in Kansas is eighteen million bushels.

Cucumber vines will grow freely on a bush and the fruit can be easily picked.

Five pecks of wheat to the acre is the rural New Yorker's rule for sowing.

6000 pounds of milk is the amount that is claimed a good cow should produce.

Sore heads in fowls are said to be completely cured by applying salty grease.

Collect and dispose of all fruit that falls in order to prevent an increase of insect life.

What water is to man the dust bath is to poultry and it should be always provided.

Whole potatoes gave a better yield than cut seed at the Ohio Experiment Station this year.

An average of ten thousand cans, eight quarts per can, of milk are received in Chicago daily.

A raw egg broken into milk given calves to drink is said to be an efficient remedy for scours.

Sunlight in winter and shade in summer are essential to the growth and health of poultry.

Cows must not have their food stinted. They pay for all they consume during the milking season.

Whatever may be said for, or against the practice of dehorning, breeding the horns off is the better way.

Eggs should be served abundantly on the farmer's table, and in such variety as not to make them tiresome.

There should be a supply of red peppers kept during the winter to be fed to poultry with their regular food.

White oak skins are recommended as best in which to make cucumber pickles, and next to that stone ware.

One hundred seventeen thousand Texas cattle were shipped into Montana during the last fourteen days in July last.

Swedish turnips, parsnips and carrots are all excellent for fattening hogs. They will be relished better cooked than raw.

For more than a score of years a Georgia farmer has not seen the bottom of his corn crib and is now using corn grown in 1870.

A liberal dressing of wood ashes is recommended by the New York Tribune for pear trees that bear cracked or spotted fruit.

The farmer should take active interest in the conditions of the roads of his town. Their excellence increases the value of the farm.

Hogs will be the better for good water to bathe and wallow in, during this month. Mud is good for them but filth should not be endured.

The aggregate cost of the agricultural experiment stations will be \$375,000 yearly. This should be sufficient to guarantee favorable results.

With ten or fifteen hens one rooster, with six ducks one drake, and with twenty hen turkeys one gobbler is said to be a proper provision.

An Indiana fruit grower puts a dozen apples in his five-acre strawberry patch each year and claims they save much in the grub that they devour.

It is said that a horse sold milled on the forward foot of a cow or steer will prevent jumping fences as the foot cannot spread, hence the animal cannot spring.

A Dairy Farmer's conference is to be held in the dairy tent of the Provincial Exhibition Grounds, Kingston, Ontario, Wednesday and Thursday, September 12 and 13.

A son of Calvin Selby, of Fairmont, Illinois, recently died because of blood poisoning caused by killing potato bugs with his naked hands, on which there were several cuts.

Eggs packed in salt, so that they may not touch each other, a layer of salt and then a layer of eggs (with small end down) put in a cool place, will keep six months or more.

Spring chickens should be killed now. A good share of them should find their way to the farmer's table. The farmer works as hard as his neighbor and he deserves as good food.

The cost of a coll at three years old is said by a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker, who has computed it, to be \$84. He also stated that such colls should sell for \$150.

Theodore Lewis, the noted swine-feeder of Wisconsin, takes such excellent care of his stock, that while in a cholera infected district, his swine, of which he has hundreds, entirely escaped the disease.

The Wife's Allowance.

In the want of a proper understanding concerning pecuniary matters lies another source of friction. Where the management and labor of the wife count as nothing she is conscious of injustice and wrong. "My dear," said an eminent philanthropist to his wife one day as he sat at his desk, "I have been counting the windows in our house and find there are forty. It just occurs to me that you have to keep these forty windows clean, or superintend the process. And that is not a beginning of your work. All these rooms have to be swept and garnished the carpets made and cleaned, the house linen prepared and kept in order, besides the cooking, and I look it all as a matter of course. I just begin to see what woman's work is, even when she is helped as you are not always able to procure. You ought to receive a monthly stipend as a housekeeper would. Why haven't you made me see it before? I have not been just to you while I have been generous to others."

The wife who told this in after years to her husband's credit, sat down with him and for the first time since their marriage opened her heart freely upon the topic of woman's allowance. She confessed to having had many a sorrowful hour at her position as a beggar. At the head of a large household in a Western town where domestic service was both scant and income scant, she had hardly been trusted with five dollars at a time during their united lives. "Robert and I talked it over," she said, "and decided that the woman who takes care of any household article, like a carpet for instance, from the time it is first made up to the time it is worn out, has expended upon it an amount of time and strength fully equal to the labor that made it, counting from the shearing the wool till it comes from the loom. It may be unskilled work but it is work all the same. And this is only one small item in her housekeeping labor. Does she not deserve some payment beside her board and clothing?"

"Robert saw woman's work in a new light. From that time till to-day he has placed a generous share of his income in my hands not as a gift but as a right. And he knows that I will no more fritter it away than he will. If I choose to deny myself something I need and bestow its cost in charity or buy some books I crave he no more thinks of chiding me than I think of chiding him for spending his money as he likes."

There are other Roberts who have yet to learn this lesson of justice and they are found in every walk of life. I have known rich men who were ready to buy silks, velvets and diamonds for their wives, sometimes far beyond what they desired, yet who grudgingly doled out five dollars at a time when appealed to for a little money. The reason given is that it might be spent foolishly. If anything will prolong babyhood into maturity it is such treatment. Against it a woman's nature rises in rebellious indignation. Thoughts of bitterness rattle in the mounded heart and there are slight, mocking, slippant creatures made so by just this want of trust on the part of their husbands. The gravest and most elusive faults are always found among dependent classes.—(Good Housekeeping.)

What Housewives Should Know.

Twenty drops of carbolic acid evaporated from a hot shovel will go far to banish flies from a room, while a bit of camphor gum, the size of a walnut, held over a lamp till it is consumed, will do the same for the festive mosquito.

Clean oilcloth with a wet towel pinned over a stiff broom, and rub with long sweeping strokes. Matting should be washed with strong salt water and a clean cloth, and do it if possible at midday, to insure quick drying, which prevents discoloration.

To renovate velvet, free from dust by laying face down and whipping smartly; then brush with a camel's hair brush, damp on the wrong side with borax water and hang pile inward in the sunshine to dry, taking care that there is no fold, or wrinkle on the line.

Many of the so-called cheap cuts of meat are preferable, for instance, the shoulder of mutton is much more delicate than the leg, and, as few persons know, the price is low. The English who of all people know what good mutton is, always give the leg to the house-

hold, and save the shoulder for guests or first table. However, meat is not the only thing you must learn to choose.

Recipes of the Table.

BAKED CALF'S HEAD.—Scald the head until the hair can be easily scraped off; clean nicely, divide the head and remove the brains; soak over night in cold water, then boil until the bones slip out readily. When you have removed the bones lay the head on a clean meat-board in as flat a position as possible; add a layer of fresh parsley leaves, dust with salt, white pepper and nutmeg; on this lay some very thin slices of ham, over which put the gobs of half a dozen hard boiled eggs; add more seasoning, roll up the head, tie in a cloth, baste with butter, then remove the cloth and brown in the oven. Hold the roll in place with clean twine. Serve cold.

ORANGE CUSTARD.—The yolks of three eggs beaten quite light, five tablespoonfuls of white sugar, the juice of two and the grated rind of one orange, a little salt and one cupful of cream. Mix all well together; then add the whites, beaten to a stiff froth, stir lightly and bake slowly.

A RICHER BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Four pounds of good flavored apples, one-quarter pound of good butter, one cupful of cream, four eggs; sugar to taste; rind of one lemon; some grated nutmeg. Boil the apples to a pulp, and, while hot, stir in the butter and set aside. When cold, add the eggs, well beaten, the lemon rind, grated, and stir all thoroughly together. Have a deep pie-dish lined with good pastry, pour in the mixture and bake half an hour in a good oven. Serve with cream sauce or custard.

CLAM FRITTERS.—This makes a very delicate and appetizing breakfast dish, and can be quickly prepared after the following recipe: Two cups of milk, three eggs, three dozen clams, two cups of cream, beaten flour. Beat the eggs well; then stir in the flour, adding the milk slowly; then add the clams, using nothing but the tender parts, previously chopped fine. Fry immediately in boiling hot lard.

TOASTED TOAST.—A very nice dish is prepared from cold boiled or poached tongue. Slice the tongue and cut each slice into small, thin pieces; heat it in a pan with a little butter. To prevent burning moisten with warm water or clear soup. Add salt and pepper; stir into it two beaten eggs. When set arrange neatly on toast.

LEMON WATER-ICE.—The juice of two lemons, two teaspoonfuls of the extract of lemon, one quart of water, one pound of granulated sugar and one gill of rich, sweet cream. Mix all well together, strain and freeze, the same as ice cream. Orange water-ice is made in the same way, using oranges.

MILK LEMONADE.—Dissolve in one quart of boiling water one and a half cups of loaf sugar, add a half pint of lemon juice, and, lastly, one pint and a half of boiling milk.

LAMB PIE.—Cut a small neck of lamb into chops, which must not be too fat, season them lightly with prepared seasoning, then lay them in your pie dish, with a few new potatoes in slices, pour in a little water or broth, then cover and bake as directed for rump-steak pie; serve hot.

A Broken Household.

"Martha," said a minister to his wife, "I have some sad news to break to you, and you will need all your courage to bear up under the crushing and unexpected blow."

"Oh, John," she exclaimed, "and we have been so happy in our home and children?"

"I know it, Martha," he responded, hoarsely, "but from the Lord loveth, He chasteneth."

"John, dear," she said with true wife's courage and devotion, tell me what it is; let me share it with you."

"A denunciation party."

One who has studied the matter points out the distinction between nihilism, communism, and socialism. A nihilist aims at the destruction of the existing order of things—the Government and the governing classes should be wiped out. A communist advocates the equal, if not equitable, division of wealth among the people; and this distribution is to be accomplished by legal processes, through the regularly appointed officers of the law. A socialist insists that the functions of government shall be enlarged, and that all great enterprises shall be taken from the hands of individuals and committed to the state.

The race-track starter is the man who is taken to his work.

HAY FEVER.

I have been a periodical sufferer from hay fever since the summer of 1870, and until I used Ely's Cream Balm was never able to find relief. I can truthfully say that Ely's Cream Balm cured me of this great evil, and I would not be without it during the hay fever season.—L. M. Georgia, Birmingham, N. Y.

If panicles are for thought, what a popular dower the pansy should be in Boston!

"Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ely's Cherry Pectoral, and after using two bottles of this medicine, was completely cured."—Angus A. Lewis, Ricard, N. Y.

The condemned murderer's voice is tremulous and husky, simply because he cannot clear his throat.

All Hemorrhages, are quickly controlled by the great Hemorrhoid Remedy, Pinks' Extract, Trade Mark outside each Bottle on Red Taper.

If you aren't the son of a clergyman, it isn't much use to run for office in this country.

A peculiarity of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that while it purifies the blood, it imparts new vigor to every function of the body.

There is a pitcher out west named Hope. Hope ought never to be knocked out of the box.

"It goes right to the spot," said an old gentleman, who found great benefit in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He was right. Derangements of the stomach, liver, and kidneys are more speedily remedied by this medicine than by any other. It reaches the trouble directly.

Judging from the number of counterfeiters arrested lately, the Italian money-seekers to think this is a great country to make money in.

HAPPY AND HONOR.
For over five years I was a constant sufferer with that most terrible and annoying disease, dyspepsia. After paying out hundreds of dollars, the only medicine I found that would cure me any good was Sarsaparilla. Six bottles cured me. Now I can eat and sleep as happy and hungry.—Eaton.

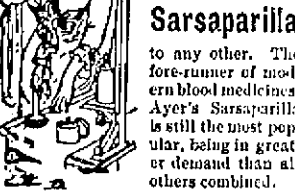
The bug does not cling half as tenaciously to a stone wall as the man who is repairing it by day's work.

SHERLISHED.
Awfully when I told her what to do for those horrid pimples with which her face was covered. She now says if you want a pink and white complexion with a nice clear smooth skin, you must use the best of all blood purifiers, Sulphur Bitters.

As the game is being played at present, there is more kicking in baseball than in football.

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Sarsaparilla to any other. The fore-runner of modern blood medicines, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is still the most popular, being in great demand than all others combined.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is selling faster than ever before. I never hesitate to recommend it."—George W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany, Ind.

"I am safe in saying that my sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla far exceed those of any other, and it gives thorough satisfaction."—J. H. Bush, Dr. Medicine, Iowa.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills are the best selling medicines in my store. I can recommend them conscientiously."—C. Bickhaus, Pharmacist, Rochester, Ill.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommended it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"I have sold your medicines for the last seventeen years, and always keep them in stock, as they are staples. There is nothing so good for the youthful blood as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—R. L. Farrier, Fox Lake, Wis.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I have in stock. I recommend it, or, as the doctors say, 'I prescribe it over the counter.' It never fails to meet the cases for which I recommend it, even where the doctors' prescriptions have been of no avail."—G. F. Calloun, Monmouth, Kansas.

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